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Our Daily Bread.

NOT from the waving grain alone,
Comes every day's supply;
Bread for the heart and soul we need,
Lest *they* should starve and die.
And in our Saviour's prayer I read
A plea for all things given,
And he who breathed it first on earth
Received the "bread of heaven."

The changing beauty of the woods,
The glory of the hills,
Are daily food for daily need
That all the spirit fills.
Kind nature, to her useful store,
Adds grace to charm the eye;
The clustered fruits of vine and tree
Like golden pictures lie.

And human trust and sympathy
We crave each coming day,
The kindly word, the helping hand,
In sorrow's clouded way.
And more than human aid we ask
Through Him who humbly said,
The simple words but largest thought,
"Give us our daily bread."

Baby's Prayer.

WHEN the children kneel by the bedside to-night—
Three boyish heads all in row
With a flutter of haste, in her night-gown of white,
My baby comes, kneeling there too.

She bows her bright face at the side of the bed,
And mumbles her own little prayer;
Funny words, you would think could you hear what she said.
For we none of us know what they are.

But sometimes I think, when she raises her head
With so much delight in her face,
Perhaps the dear Saviour knew just what she said,
And her prayer in His heart found delight,

—*New Covenant.*

For the Myrtle.

The Lost Purse.

PART IV.

"I HAVE heard that you have in your possession a purse that was found on Friday of last week, and I have called to claim it," said the gentleman to Mr. Lee, as he walked into the parlor.

"Yes, sir. Walk in and be seated," said Mr. Lee.

The gentleman took the chair that was offered him, and Mr. Lee continued,

"In whose name do you claim the purse?"

"In my own, John Smith."

"Where did you lose it?"

"Somewhere on the road near here. I came into this town from the West last Friday evening, riding on horseback, and dropped my purse by the way."

"Ah! That was the direction in which the purse was found. Can you tell me what was in it? How much money was there?"

"I connot tell the exact emount, for I had taken money several times that day, and had paid out several times."

"And can you tell any thing else that was in the purse?"

"There was a broken ring in one of the pockets. A remembrance of a dead friend, which I would not lose for thrice the money that is in your purse or mine."

"Any thing else that you can mention?"

"There were some postage stamps in one of the pockets."

"How many?"

"That question I cannot answer. It is not probable that I should remember the exact number of postage stamps used when I am writing business letters so constantly, and using stamps nearly every hour in the day."

"Well. Tell me any thing else that was in the purse."

"There was in one of the pockets some slips cut from newspapers."

"Can you tell what any of them were?"

The gentleman looked confused at this question. After waiting a moment, he said, slowly,

"I don't know as I can remember any of them to repeat them. The fact is, I am a very busy man, and I can't be expected to keep little things on my mind like one who has little or nothing to do."

Mr. Lee began to be suspicious of the stranger. He had watched him narrowly from the time he had first entered the room. He had noticed that not one of the questions concerning the purse had he answered in a clear satisfactory manner. There had been some evasion about them all, which made Mr. Lee suspicious that all might not be right.

He thought he would give him one more trial before telling his suspicions. So he said,—

"Is there any thing else that you can mention?"

"Yes. There were notes and receipts in the purse."

"Can you describe them? Tell the names of any of the men who gave them?"

"I don't know that I can. I was belated on the morning of the day on which the purse was lost; and put up my things in a great hurry when I started, so I cannot be sure what papers I took with me in the purse."

"But you surely can mention some one of them."

"No. I don't know that I can mention one."

"Well, is there any thing else in the purse that you can mention, and describe minutely?"

"I don't know that there is."

"Do you think," said Mr. Lee, "that you have given a sufficiently accurate account of the contents of the purse to warrant me in giving it up to you?"

"Yes," said the stranger.

"I am not of your opinion," said Mr. Lee. "It is my duty to keep this purse until I am sure that I have found the rightful owner. And it will take a good deal more accurate description of the contents of the purse than I have had from you to convince me that the man claiming it has a right to take it."

"Haven't I told you a half dozen things that are in it?" said the gentleman, in an excited manner.

"Yes. You have told over some of the contents."

"Well, what more do you want? How do you think I could know that there were bills, and notes, and receipts, cuttings from newspapers, and a broken ring in the purse if I had never seen it?"

"I don't know how you came in possession of these facts. That you do know so much about it surprises me. But I am not convinced that you have ever seen the purse."

"Why not?"

"Because you have not been able to describe any thing minutely about the purse or its contents."

"You *shall* give me the purse," said the gentleman, in an excited tone of voice. "It is mine and I'll have it or make it worse for you."

As he said this, he sprang up, and shook his clenched fist in Mr. Lee's face, with most terrific violence.

"You will not frighten me into giving it to you. I know my duty, and intend to do it."

"You're a thief. Have got what belongs to me, and wont give it up."

"Keep your temper. These harsh words do no good. I shall not give you the purse, so you may as well go one time as another."

Seeing the uselessness of his anger, and the coolness and firmness of the man he had to deal with, the stranger rushed hastily from the room, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Ed was standing on the curbstone waiting to receive his gold, but the stranger's manner was so excited and angry that he hardly dared speak to him. Yet seeing that he was going away without fulfilling his promise, Ed said:

"Will you not give me the money you promised?"

"I guess you will like it when you get it. I've got nothing but curses to leave in this place."

As these words were spoken, the stranger sprang into his saddle, and was out of sight before the confused boy had time to collect his senses.

When he recovered, and realized what had happened, he burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" Mr. Lee asked, as he at this moment appeared in the door.

"That man promised me money, and has gone away without giving it to me."

"What did he promise you money for?"

Ed hesitated. He took a sense of the fact that he had done wrong in telling the stranger what he had told abont the contents of the purse. But on the whole, he thought it would be best for him to tell the whole truth about it, so he said:

"He promised me money if I would tell him what was in the purse."

"Ah, I see now," said Mr. Lee. "That was the way the man found out so much about what was in the purse. You have done very wrong, my boy, to tell what you knew about this to a stranger."

"Did he ge. the purse?"

"No, he was not the owner of it."

"How could you know that?"

"I knew it by questioning him closely. Though he surprised me by knowing something about the contents of the purse, he yet could not tell any thing in detail about it. He was evidently a wicked man who had seen the advertizement that I put in the paper, and was trying to possess himself of money that did not belong to him. Now you see, my child, what came of your indiscretion. If I had had no more caution than you had the rightful owner of this purse would never have seen it again."

"Oh! what a wicked man he must have been," said Ed. "How could he do so mean a thing?"

"There are a great many wicked people in the world, and we must be careful in our dealing with them else we shall share their guilt."

"How glad I am now," said Ed, "that you didn't let me see all that was in the purse."

"Yes, my boy. If you had been able to tell this man minutely about it, he would have deceived me, and taken it and its contents."

"Sammy was right too in preventing my opening the purse."

"Yes. He was quite right. Children cannot have judgment as men have, and they should be willing to be guided and advised."

"I shall be more willing now than ever before. It seems almost as if I had escaped being a thief myself."

Ed never forgot this lesson. It made him more obedient, more careful in his dealing with others, and less inclined to yield to the promptings of curiosity. His whole life was changed by this little incident.

A few days after John Smith's attempt to get the purse, the real owner of it came, and as he was able to give a minute account of the purse and its contents, Mr. Lee, without hesitation, placed it in his hands. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Harry's Chickens.

Sammy Brent lived "way down South," and was just as full of mischief as a boy of thirteen could be. One evening he came home after a ramble through the woods and by the river, and asked his brother Harry, who was eight years younger than himself:

"Harry, wouldn't you like to have some funny chickens?"

"I'm just sure I would," answered Harry.

"Well, you take these three eggs, and put them in a box of sand, and set it in the sun, and after a while you'll have three of the funniest chickens you ever saw."

Harry followed his brother's directions, and morning, noon and night he might be seen watching for his brood to poke their bills up out of the sand. At last, one hot day, just before noon, the sand began to move, and the queerest kind of a chicken came out. It had a long, horny bill, a long, flat body, without feathers or wings, four feet, and a tail nearly as long as its body. As soon as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly, he exclaimed,—

"Oh! Oh! it's an alligator! It's a alligator come out of an egg."

If Harry had been a little older he would have known that the alligators bury their eggs in the sand and wait for the sun to hatch them, and as soon as the young alligators appear, the mother conducts them to the water.—*Hearth and Home.*

In our moral world, there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin; a word, or even a look from us, may cause them to plunge down into the depths, from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in the moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, sure paths of virtue and peace. Knowing that we have such power, shall we not humbly pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil?"

For the Myrtle.

The Lesson.

WONDERFUL toiler, wearying never,
Patiently striving a master to be,
What is the lesson to-day and forever,
I must be trying to conquer from thee.

Not to be weary or querulous ever,
Not to turn back from the task when begun,
Only to work with a quiet endeavor,
Willing to toil till the duty be done. *E. M. B.*

For the Myrtle.

Annie's Impatience

NOW mamma is ready too hear what her darling has to say," said Mrs. Green, as she took her seat beside Annie, who had been for a long time waiting her coming in the garden.

"Annie don't like Uncle Harry," said the child.

"Don't like Uncle Harry?" Why mamma is surprised to hear her little Annie say so. Why don't you like Uncle Harry?"

"Cause me don't."

"But Annie should not speak so unless she can tell why she doesn't like him."

"Cause he stays round so when I want my mamma."

"Well. Now you have your mamma. What does my darling wish "

"My dolly is all freezed for a new dress, and I want my mamma to make her one."

Annie's mamma laughed when her little girl said this, for there was something very droll about the serious face which the child wore when she hugged the dolly close in her arms, and said:

"Poor, poor dolly all freezed, and nobody cares one bit."

Mrs. Green put on a very long face too, and she said:

"Naughty dolly. She has worn her clothes out when she, or her owner, ought to have been more careful."

"She wouldn't have worn them out if mamma hadn't been so long time coming," said Annie. "She had on her blue dress, and when it was all worn out Uncle Harry wasn't gone yet. And then me put on this dress, and she's run round so much that this is all in rags, and Uncle Harry's just gone."

"Why, what a naughty dolly. She must have run very fast, and got in the briars beside, to have torn der clothes so. Uncle Harry has only been here one hour," said Mrs. Green, looking at her watch. "Just one hour, and in that time dolly has worn out two dresses. Is my little girl quite sure now that she is telling the truth?"

"Yes. She's a bad dolly, and Uncle Harry is a bad uncle, but Annie ain't bad any thing."

"Are you quite sure, little girl?"

"Yes. Dolly wore out the clothes, she did."

"Wasn't it the patience of my little girl that was worn out, instead of the dolly's clothes?"

"No, mamma. Annie ain't worn out. She's all good, and whole, and new," said the little girl, shaking out her dress, and looking with pride at her pretty new shoes and clean white stockings.

"Yes. Mamma understauds that the outer clothing of her little child is all whole and free from stain, but how is it with my darlings inner beauty? Mamma is afraid that the truth has not been quite fully told, and if this be so, there are worse rags somewhere than these on dolly's dress."

"Annie's made no rags. It was all dolly," said the little girl, still disposed to insist upon the story that she had told.

"No, no, my child," said Mrs. Green, "I cannot allow you to repeat that. It must have been your own little fingers that tore the rags on dolly's dress, and it is very wrong for you to say that she tore them."

"Mamma, me never tore one of 'em with me fingers," said Annie, angrily.

"How did dolly tear the clothes? Now Annie must tell the whole truth about it."

"She did run in the briars," said Annie. "Me never touched her dress with me fingers to tear it."

"Ah, yes, I see," said Mrs. Green. "You didn't take hold of the dress with your fingers to tear it, but who carried dolly through the briars?"

"She walked on her own feet," said Annie.

"Yes, my darling, that is the truth as far as it goes. But who helped dolly to walk? You know dolly never walks off on her feet alone as Annie does on hers. You must have dragged her through the briars, or she would never have been there."

"Me nev—"

"Be very careful now, my darling. The doll's dress being torn is a very little thing. But your telling the truth is a very important thing. Now think of it, and tell me truthfully, Did you, or did you not drag dolly through the briars?"

"Y-e-s" said Annie, very slowly, "me just held on to her head a leetle bit. But me didn't drag her much."

"Now we have the full truth," said Mrs. Green. "If Annie's dolly has been naughty and torn her dress, and Annie helped her in her naughtiness, because she was impatient at her mamma's delay in coming; we must forgive the little girl and the littie dolly since they have given us the truth about their wrong doing. But dolly must wear the torn dress for a day or two, to remind Annie of her tmpatience, and teach her the more excellent way. *E. M. B.*

Courageous Little Maid.

ALONG the pleasant country road,
Where crickets make a merry noise
Chirping their little cheerful song,
One evening walked two little boys.

The sun had set, and happy birds
Were calling to their mates, "Good-night,"
When through the avenue of trees
A little maiden came in sight.

Up spoke the little boys, and said,
"How are you, pretty little maid?
Walking alone so late at night
Along the road; aren't you afraid?"

With round, blue eyes she looked at them,
And shook her yellow, curly head,
And smiled, "Afraid? And what is that?
I don't know what you mean," she said.

Then laughed those roguish little boys,
And when the maid had gone her way,
Said one of them, with bright, black eyes,
"Let's *teach* her what we mean, I say.

"We'll quickly hurry home and get
Some sheets and put them on, and so
We'll sit upon he fence, and when
She comes, t'will frighten her, you know."

'Twas almost dark as down the road,
The little maiden came along
Homeward, and singing as she came
Some pretty little bits of song.

And in the twilight's hazy gray,
Like shadows looked the trees and posts;
And on the fence wrapped up in sheets,
Perched two white, naughty little ghosts.

"What is it sitting on the face?"
With wonder said the little maid;
And then she laughed a merry laugh;
"Oh, *that*, I think, must be *a Fraid!*"

And on she went adown the road,
And little crickets in the shade
Seemed loudly singing in the grass,
"Bravo, courageous little maid!"

NO trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

TRUTH is like a torch; the more you shake it the brighter it burns.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Sunday School in East Boston is enjoying a fresh season of prosperity through the labors of the new pastor, Rev. S. Gilbert.

—The thirty-second anniversary of the Sunday School at Chelsea was celebrated Monday evening, Oct. 26th. The programme was varied and interesting, largely by members of the school. The report of progress was very encouraging.

—Mr. B. B. Whittemore, whom we spoke of last week as elected to fill Rev. Mr. Cushman's place as Superintendent of the Columbus Avenue Sunday School, Boston, was installed last Sunday with appropriate services. An address of welcome was made by the Vice-Superintendent, Mr. John M. Lincoln, which was responded to by Mr. Whittemore. An address was then made by Rev. Dr. Miner, and an original hymn of welcome written by Miss J. S. Cook was sung by the school. A welcome on the part of the parish was then extended by Mr. S. P. Ridler, all of which was responded to with feeling by the new officer. Besides his long experience as a Sunday School worker in other parishes, Mr. Whittemore comes with peculiar recommendations to this parish, as the son of the venerable Benjamin Whittemore, D. D., and grandson of Father Ballou.

VERMONT.

—The Sunday School at Wilmington lately enjoyed a most successful exhibition sustained for two evenings. It was largely the work of Miss Emma Barber, daughter of the pastor, whose earnest labors and large measure of talent in this direction were fully proved by the result. The exhibition was held in the largest hall in the village, which was filled to the utmost. *Nearly all the pieces were original*, and we hope some will be deemed worthy of publication for the benefit of other Sunday Schools. Send them to us for that purpose, young friends of Wilmington, and oblige a thousand anxious seekers for just such things.

OHIO.

—The Sunday School at Akron colebrated its second anniversary on a recent Sunday. The Akron *Times* says: "The chapel was beautifully decorated, and a large audience was in attendance. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. W. H. Wall, was very encouraging. The whole number in attendance during the year was 165, and the average attendance was 99. Mr. Wall delivered an excellent address, and was followed by W. D. Shipman, who delivered an original poem entitled, 'Strength and Glory.' Other addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Weaver, President M'Collester and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and will long be remembered as such by all participating."

ALABAMA.

—A new Sunday School has been organized at Piney Grove church, Escambia Co. This is all we hear of it, but this is good news.

—The Alabama State Convention of Universalists at its three days session in Union church, Butler Co., passed the following resolution in regard to Sunday Schools:

Whereas, we believe that Sunday Schools are the nurseries of the church, and that no denomination can expect to prosper that neglects this potent ally,

Resolved, therefore, that we urgently request our friends throughout the South to organize Sunday Schools, and that where this cannot be done, to procure Universalist Sunday School books, and teach their children at home, and thus prevent their straying from the fold.

—One good result of this Convention is the effort to establish a Sunday School in this same church, Union, four miles from Garland. The editor of the *Universalist Herald*, from which we have these pleasing items, reported at the Convention that he had helped to establish three new Sunday Schools in Alabama during the year.

The Connecticut Convention.

The Mass Meeting of Sunday School workers held at Hartford Oct. 14th and 15th was a great meeting in every respect. Great in numbers, great in themes, and also in good words spoken on all the subjects introduced. Rev. C. A. Skinner gave the address of welcome, and spoke heartily of the mission of the Sunday School teacher. Rev. J. U. Mitchell, of Scotland, spoke of the importance of teaching the Bible and the doctrines of the church to children, but thought many doctrines would be beyond their comprehension. Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Boston, thought children could understand more than was generally thought, and said that at six years old he learned the first eighteen verses of St. John's gospel, and though he did not fully understand them yet, he had had something to think of ever since. Others made brief addresses on the teacher's work. At the close of the meeting two beautiful children were presented for christening by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb, of Detroit, Mich.

The evening service was made very interesting by the exhibition of about twenty-eight little girls of the Sunday School, who arranged themselves tastefully on the stage, and sang, "Jesus loves little Children," and spoke various pieces. An original essay entitled, "Self-Confidence," was delivered by C. G. Lincoln, a member of the Sunday School; this production, abounding in high and noble sentiments, was listened to with great interest by all present. Then, after an organ voluntary, the pastor, choir and congregation responsively read and chanted the 84th Psalm, the congregation standing. The choir then chanted in a most excellent manner the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The Rev. Prof. Chapin, of Meriden, then offered a prayer, and the choir sang the hymn beginning "How firm the foundation," after which the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hartzell, of Middletown, delivered a most interesting and eloquent discourse on "Honor for Workers," taking as the foundation of his remarks Matt. xx. 26, 27—"Let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Thursday morning an excellent conference meeting was held. After this Rev. J. H. Amies gave an address on "System in the Sunday School." An essay on "The Parent and the Sunday School," was then read by Mrs. A. M. Ellis, of Hartford. Questions were then answered, the most important one being How Shall the Bible Class be Instructed?

Thursday afternoon Mrs. J. H. Amies gave a most interesting exercise to the Infant Class, and addresses were made by Revs. J. J. Twiss and D. M. Hodge. In the evening a Teacher's Conference Meeting was held. And thus closed the first Sunday School Convention in Connecticut.

Six New Books.

We have just been reading "Lame Johnny." and one or two other books from Mrs. Bruce's new series for the children, and we can assure you they are worth reading. They are just like that pretty title of theirs—"The Happy Heart Series." Ask your teacher to have them in your library before Christmas, and be sure and read them after they are there. They will mak "happy hearts" everywhere.

The Denial.

MARK xiv. 66–72.

We left Jesus, on that sad Thursday night following the Last Supper, betrayed by Judas, forsaken by all His disciples, taken prisoner by Roman soldiers, and borne away by them to the high priest's house to await His trial on the morrow.

But His disciples had not fled far, and two of them now returned, fearful and timid, to see what had become of their Master. They followed into the court of the high priest's house to see and hear what they could of His fate. These were Peter, the boldest and most impetuous of the disciples, and John, the dearly beloved.

These two, thinking they were unknown to all present, sat warming themselves with the servants at the fire.

But Peter, especially, had been known wherever Jesus had been known, and as the fire lighted up his face the woman who kept the door looked sharply into his face, and said. "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."

Now although Peter was bold and impetuous, he was, like all impulsive people, completely at the mercy of any one who took him by surprise. He had no time to gain his self-control and think what to do; and his first impulse was to save himself, no matter how. Ah, if he had thought what his Master would have done in his place, and so become calm and fearless, he would have spoken the simple truth, or refused to answer at all.

But Peter, hasty and frightened, thought only of his personal danger, and how to get out of it. So he answered, "I know not what thou sayest." Now it would have been better if he had not spoken, because he spoke the "brogue" of Galilee, a little thickly and indistinctly, not like a Jew of Jerusalem. Another maid, hearing him, said, "This is one of them," and Peter becoming more frightened, began to curse and swear, as if to prove by his wicked behavior that he was not one of them, and said, with oaths, that "he knew not this man."

But this only hurt his case, for after all this outburst of words they said, "Thou art surely one of them for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech bewrayeth thee,"—that is, betrayeth thee.

While Peter was thus denying his dear Master, whom he so deeply and truly loved in his heart, he heard the cock crow in the early twilight, once and again.

And Jesus "turned and looked upon Peter." From within He had heard the denial, and without a word of anger or sorrow simply turned and looked into Peter's face. We know not what sad surprise, what wounded love, what unutterable sorrow was in that look; but we know that when Peter saw it he remembered that his Lord had said to him, "Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice," and that he had protested "Though all men should deny thee yet will I never deny thee," and remembering this "he went out and wept bitterly."

Ah, it is so easy to tell how brave, and true, and good we shall be, when we are not tempted to be any thing else. But "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." It is when danger threatens, and temptation allures, and the right seems so hard, and the wrong so easy, that we ought to remember Peter; remember how bold and brave *he* was, and such a coward after all; remember how the Lord "looked upon him" just as He looks upon us when we deny Him in thought, or word, or deed; and remember how that heavenly look pierced to his conscience, and sent him out into the night weeping bitterly.

Puzzles.

I.

Take away my first letter, I remain unchanged; take away my second letter, there is no apparent alteration in me; take away all my letters and I still continue unaltered.

II.

I have a neck and a head, sides, and no ribs, and can stand upright without feet. What am I?

III.

I am a word of nine letters. My 4, 8, 1, is a cat; my 9, 5, 5, 2, 6, is a girl's name; my 1, 2, 3, 4, is an exhalation; my 1, 8, 5, 9, a creature of dark and devious ways; my 3, 8, 5, 6, lives in water, and is at the same time part of the human body; my whole is a parasite.

IV.

I am found in Ireland;
I am found in ice;
I'm in Maine and California,
And running round in mice;
I'm in Miss and I'm in Mister;
I'm in hill and I'm in plain;
I'm part of your little sister,
And I was part of wicked Cain.

V.

I'm in your bird's cage;
And I'm in the herb sage;
I'm in earth and star,
I'm both near and afar.

VI.

My *first* should be your care,
With aim to setting all things square;
My *second* strikes you with a chill,
And sometimes makes your nerves to thrill.
My *whole* though oft it has been cursed,
Should still be in each bosom nursed;
And those who hold o'er law the sway,
Should never from its morals stray.

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